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Perot and Perotphobia

by Murray N. Rothbard

There has not been such a phenomenon in America in my lifetime: the tremendous outpouring, across the country, across ideologies and parties, and across the occupational spectrum; an outpouring of enthusiasm, of clamor, for H. Ross Perot for President. Of course the ground was prepared by the accelerating disgust and hatred of Washington and of the major party establishments: of George Bush and the Republicans, of the Democratic Congress, and of the sneering and biased media elites that have for decades cynically manipulated public opinion on behalf of the bipartisan Establishment.

During the nineteenth century, the political parties functioned as ideological vehicles as well as routes to power and patronage; parties stood for firm core ideologies, and they both educated their members and were kept in line by those members if their leaders were tempted to waffle for short-term advantage. And it was precisely because the political parties stood for principles and ideologies that they commanded the seemingly blind loyalty of families of voters. Since 1896, parties have been in precipitate decline as ideological vehicles; so that while in the nineteenth century, the idea of "yellow dog Democrats" voting Democrat (or Republican) regardless of who's on the ticket, of voting for the "party of my granddaddy," made a great deal of sense, it can only seem ludicrous in our own day. Ludicrous precisely because parties increasingly stand for nothing. This deplorable fact has been all the more true since the McGovern-era "reforms" that gutted the very existence of the party entity, and since the TV age brought personalities to the fore. In recent years, as a result, party "loyalty" has been virtually non-existent.

In this climate, the average voter, not being able to rely on ideological parties, can only fall back on one judgment: his or her assessment of the character, of the values, the ethics, the strength of will, of the candidate, especially for the most important office of President.

Disgust and anger at Washington, at the gridlock, the mounting taxes, the enormous deficit, the steadily declining standard of living, the fact that the entire mess obviously *doesn't work*, has been compounded by the two turkeys leading the major parties: the weak, fumbling President, unable to construct

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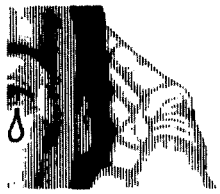

THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

Roy Childs, RIP

Ever since I started my column, people have asked me: How in the world do you know so very much—about the Kochtopus, the Crane Machine, and all other parts of the libertarian movement? Who the Hell is your mole? Who is your Deep Throat?

Woodward & Bernstein say that they will reveal their Deep Throat when he dies; before that, they are pledged to keep mum. Death releases all bonds. So I too am now free to reveal my Big Source, my own Deep Throat: the late, great Roy A. Childs, Jr.

Roy has just died, at the age of 44, weight 477 pounds, in a hospital, after spending six weeks at the Pritikin Center at

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Miami. There are as many conflicting stories about Roy's death as there are about the Kennedy Assassination: the difference is that Roy himself was the source of every last one of them. I don't know if he stuck with Pritikin, how he fared there, if he left or was kicked out, and a hundred other discrepancies.

Why the mystery? Because Roy, blessed with the gift of gab, spent virtually his entire life on the phone. He was in touch with literally everyone, everywhere, in every corner of the movement. Even with such unlikely folk as Israel Kirzner, Thomas Szasz, Milton Friedman, Robert Nozick, and every lesser light in the movement. To everyone he told a different story. About everything. About every aspect of his life. He was a tremendous fount of gossip, about everyone, to everyone. Usually he was trying to convince a bunch of people of a certain Line, any line of the moment, and his powers of persuasion were formidable.

Why? Who knows? Maybe because to Roy, gossip, and selling a line, was Power, the only power he would ever have.

I was one of many of his phone buddies. I told him stuff, he told me stuff. I knew, of course, that he was mobilizing everyone he knew against me and my friends. That was OK, because he would turn around and spill the beans about *my* vast array of enemies. That way he would play both ends against the middle. More Power. Roy was the classic Double, no Triple Agent spilling the beans about each group, lying about each group, enjoying the sense of being on top of the game, superior to all sides. Sometimes I think he himself didn't know where he stood—the standard problem of the Triple Agent: where do his loyalties really lie? But whatever happened, in his mind *he* won.

Of course, this meant that I had to check all of Roy's items. When he realized I didn't fall for his line of malarkey, he got much straighter, and told me a far higher proportion of the Right Stuff.

Toward the end of his life, he was also getting more truthful with me and giving me hotter material, because he was getting increasingly bitter at his masters. Note the obit on Roy by his old buddy George Smith in *Liberty*. Note George's moment of bitterness where he denounces the "movement" who abandoned Roy, just because he was "difficult" to work with. Well, of course, George knows better than that. "Movements" don't abandon, people abandon. And the people who "abandoned" him were those who stopped paying him money, or paid him money under what he considered onerous conditions. And who were these? His employers of the last decade: Charles Koch, Ed Crane, Howie Rich. And so, while of course, he kept in constant touch with all these, the bitterness rankled. And festered. And burst out. And I was the beneficiary.

So long, Roy, I like to remember you in your last public act—on *20/20*, where, in all your fatness, you eloquently denounced fatties who called for anti-fat discrimination laws. "I was fired for being too fat," you said, "and they were right to fire me." A libertarian to the end.

* * * * *

Talk about paleo-polarization! Here's how David Boaz, #2 guy at the Cato Institute, recently reviewed *Fag Hag*: "What a delight: a new novel" in which a "gay libertarian" attends "a Cato Institute seminar." Libertarians will also "appreciate" the "gay libertarian gun dealer who talks about free trade" and has sex with an "inner-city youth," inspiring him to form an "Ayn Rap" band. With its "snappy plot about personal relationships," this book indicates "that libertarianism is seeping into popular culture."

* * * * *

I can see it now: a combination campaign and wanted poster! Massachusetts is sending child-support scofflaws to jail, and guess who's near the top of the wanted list? Andre Marrou, the presidential candidate of the Libertarian Party. LP activists say: what's the big deal? After all, the LP platform claims that parents have a "right" to abandon their children.

* * * * *

Now that the primaries are over, the market left-liberals at Cato are backing. . . Bill Clinton. Like their 1996 choice William Weld, Bill is big on "social tolerance." Adding frosting to the Cato cake is the latest rumor about Hillary Clinton. ■

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(Perot. . .cont. from P.1)
a coherent sentence, changing his mind on almost everything by the hour as he anxiously searches for political reactions; and his slick, evasive, babbling opponent, yoked in an evidently political "contract" (rather than marriage) to a sinister ultra-feminist Lady Macbeth. For both candidates, the "negatives" pile up every time they make an appearance or open their mouths.

This odious miasma formed the necessary conditions for the Perot phenomenon. But it also needed a spark to light the prairie fire: the appearance of Ross Perot himself. A self-made billionaire, Perot shines forth on television, and even more in person, as a highly able, can-do, honest, authentic, *real* person, who can talk sense rather than parrot poll-driven euphemisms. What a pleasure! And so the very real charisma of Ross Perot, a shining light in the bog of the American political scene.

The Perot phenomenon has terrified not only the political elites in both parties, but the intellectual and media elites as well. And for good reason: because when and if Perot becomes President, this whole parasitic crew of Beltway pundits, like vast chunks of the swollen Washington bureaucracy, may well find themselves out of a job, with no role to play in a Perot America.

The big attack on Perot is that he has not "been specific on the issues"—that is, that he has not set forth lengthy position papers on all the accepted "issues." Perot's reply to that charge was magnificent and to the point: "The American people don't care about the candidate's stands on every issue. They care about his principles." Yes! And that's not simply because, as the smug elites would have it, the average person hasn't the patience or the brains to wade through all the policy papers. For the critical fact is that the instincts of the average person are absolutely correct.

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For two reasons: (1) because the various position papers, which only Beltway policy wonks care about, don't mean a damn anyway. They are all trivial nuanced changes in a quintessentially rotten system: tinkering with marginal 2 percent increases here, and 1 percent cuts there, simply shifting deck chairs on the *Titanic*, interesting only to those chair sitters who get to improve or lessen their positioning in the hierarchy on the *Titanic* deck. What is needed is not marginal adjustments but radical change in the system, and such radical change cannot come from 85-page position papers, but out of the principles and purposes of the leader—the President (if he is, indeed, a leader.) And (2) the people's instincts are right because they have seen that all politicians repudiate their position papers anyway ("Read my lips!"), especially because their positions are not heartfelt but only driven by the poll of the moment. And, if so, there is no assurance that the President's position next month will be in any way similar to his view today. So that: the only thing for the public to rely on is their intuition about the basic character, principles, ethics, of the candidate. And for that perception (in contrast to judging 40-point nuanced position papers) the general public is probably better qualified than the pundit or policy wonk inside the Beltway.

And so, the American public, in particular the vast middle class, they who have been ripped off by the existing system that benefits the elites and the underclass at their expense, appalled at the state of America and the rotten state of its political "leadership", have clasped Ross Perot to their bosom. Hungry for leadership, they sense in Ross Perot an authentic person and a leader equipped to bring us out of the wilderness.

And speaking of leadership, there is a neglected point about Ross Perot's phenomenal ascent in the polls: that while he was doing extraordinarily well

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before that, his unprecedented skyrocket to the lead coincided with the LA race riots and their aftermath. Addled by decades of induced guilt and left-media brainwashing, the voting masses had no clear response to the horror of the May Days. But one thing they did know: it was up to the President to provide some kind of clear, decisive leadership. But what did they get from Bush? Inarticulate fumbling. What did they get from Slick Willie? Ditto. How did Perot respond? Brilliantly. All Perot said was: "If I had been President, I wouldn't have sat around doing nothing like Bush. I would have gone straight to LA., straight to the scene of the riots, and seen, heard, and felt myself what was going on. Then I could know what to do." This response rings true; for it is the same as that of several businessmen I know—the true response of the entrepreneur: who insists on immersing himself in any situation, so he can figure out what to do. We cannot know if Ross Perot as President will make the right decisions in the crises he will face; but we do know that these decisions will be authentically his own, not packaged and processed for him by pollsters and handlers. We know he will be an authentic president. What more can we hope for?

A good friend of mine, interested in Perot but skeptical, recently attended a mighty rally for the little Texan in Washington, D.C. That rally was his conversion experience; he is now for Perot all the way. He notes that true qualities of leadership emanated from Perot: his walk, his style, his delivery. He marveled at the ideological cross-section in the audience: from Right to Left. But there was one common ground among all the people in that enthusiastic gathering. All these Washingtonians were *real* people, real Americans, middle class, small business people, entrepreneurial types, and not one blow-dried, yuppie, policy wonk in the lot. "Murray," he said excitedly, "it's like the John Doe Clubs in *Meet John Doe*, the great Frank Capra movie with Gary Cooper." This was the old America, the Old Republic, which still survives, which still persists amidst the rubble that the dominant culture and the dominant political system have foisted upon us.

Consider the contrast of Ross Perot, as exemplar of the Old America, to the cynical and rotten elites in their moral and esthetic views. Perot's denunciation of his Navy colleagues as immoral brawlers, his insistence on moral behavior among his close colleagues and employees have all brought down unbelieving denunciations of "prude" from the shocked elites. Liberal elites sneer because Norman Rockwell is Perot's favorite painter. Well, tough. Norman Rockwell was not Velasquez; but he was a sturdy American in the great classical realist tradition, the only tradition of art that both makes sense and ennobles mankind. Better Rockwell than Picasso or Pollock or Mapplethorpe: any day in the week! Norman Rockwell embodied the Old America, and Perot's audience are truly "Rockwellian." Perhaps this is the last stand of the old Rockwellian America: the last chance to take the country back—one of the key slogans, not coincidentally, of the Perot campaign.

Perotphobia

In was inevitable that the Establishment elites, they who always prattle about "democracy" but hate any real political participation by the public, would react with horror and hatred to the Perot phenomenon. For their very rule is threatened. And it was also inevitable that they would bring out their arsenal of smear, of "defining," of hysterical attacks. And sure enough: leading the parade were the usual suspects, the same Social Democrat smearbund that defiled Pat Buchanan, and, interestingly enough, in much the same terms. As in the case

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of anyone emerging as a popular leader who threatens to mount an assault upon the corrupt and entrenched Establishment, Perot has been hit—and by the same people—with the usual Social Democrat charges: dark references to Hitler, Mussolini, the 1930's et al. "Hitler" was mentioned by neocon George Will, by the malignant neocon shrink Charles Krauthammer, and strongly hinted at by the *New Republic* smear artist Sidney Blumenthal. Once again, in the Social Democrat manner, any populist with mass support who is not a Marxist (such as Lenin or Castro), is automatically dubbed a fascist or a Nazi. One would hope that after the 200th time such nonsense has been slung, that the smears would cease having any effect. After all: how many nonexistent Mussolinis, Francos, or Hitlers can be uncovered by these clowns within a year and have anyone listen seriously? Fortunately, it seems that the public has been immunized to the smears, precisely because of their deep and healthy distrust of the viciously biased liberal media; the more they smear Ross Perot in their hysteria and desperation, the more the voting American public will embrace him.

It is surely no coincidence that the June 15 issues of both the *Nation*, the organ of Left Social Democracy, and the *New Republic*, the voice of Right Social Democracy (i.e. neocons), are almost exclusively devoted to heaping mud on Perot, a sort of anti-Perot festival.

In the *Nation*, unreconstructed Brit Stalinist Alexander Cockburn denounces Perot as having a "militarist-corporatist" ideological outlook, "reminiscent of Italian Fascism in the interwar period." But Cockburn's evidence for this grave charge rests on only two points; first, is the "heavy presence of former military officers in his senior echelons" of Perot's corporations. Well, Perot himself graduated from the naval Academy, and what's wrong with former officers? Presumably, they are hard-working and self-disciplined, admirable qualities in a corporate environment. Apparently the Leninist Cockburn is deliberately confusing "military" with "militarist."

The other alleged evidence is also the only support for the conservative complaint that Perot favors "gun control." Perot's view of how to conduct the war on drugs: for the police to cordon off inner city neighborhoods (in his home town of Dallas, and presumably elsewhere), and sweep through them, confiscating drugs and guns, the idea being that criminals should not be allowed to possess guns. Well, it's true that Perot does not have the proper libertarian view of the war on drugs (i.e., shut it down), but then again, who does? Once again, Perot is not running against Mr. Perfect in November; his two real opponents, Bush and Clinton, are all for that war, too. And why *should* criminals own guns?

Cockburn raises another fascinating charge against Perot, a charge that also forms the centerpiece of Sidney Blumenthal's smear in the *New Republic*: That Perot is "paranoid", believing in "conspiracy theories" of history. We have already detailed in these pages how "paranoia" is the preferred smear charge by the Establishment against those who would expose its machinations and concerted actions against the persons and pocketbooks of the rest of society. The fact that Perot is willing at least to listen to "conspiracy" analyses by both the "extreme Right" and the "extreme Left"—i.e. two groups that are not blinded by worship of the current "consensus"—marks Perot as admirably reality-based, as any genuine entrepreneur has to be.

Another great thing about Perot's "militarism" is that it is private, i.e. admirably paleolibertarian. Let's never forget the heroic private rescue operation of Perot's employee-hostages in Iran, and its stark contrast to the expensive and ludicrous failure of Carter's governmental rescue mission.

Cockburn's attack on Perot's "conspiracy" analyses reflects his bitter-end attacks on leftists who support Kennedy Assassination Revisionism. From Cockburn's Stalinist point of view, the Oliver Stone-type left assassination theories are gravely politically incorrect, because they imply that *some* parts of America (CIA, LBJ, etc.) are considerably more evil than other parts (e.g. Kennedy)—whereas, in Cockburn's outlook, *all* political factions, groups, and leaders are *equally* evil, because they are all allegedly reflections of "late capitalism."

Ronnie Dugger's attack on Perot in the *Nation* is more

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revealing of himself than of his target. A long-time Texas leftist and alleged "populist," Dugger waxes hysterical on the alleged dangers of Perot's marvelous and radically innovative idea of direct democracy and "electronic town meetings," such as allowing people to vote on issues through "interactive" TV. It is truly remarkable that an alleged populist should complain that "Perot's electronic town hall could replace American representative democracy with the rule by the The Leader, and a series of momentary mobs." The point is that, in our age of high-tech, there is no excuse whatever to continue "representative democracy," now that direct democracy has become feasible. President Perot could present alternatives to the TV public, they could vote, and then Congress could pass the detailed legislation—and woe be unto them if they would defy the basic popular will!

Dugger grudgingly admits that he likes some of Perot's positions: that elections be held on weekends; that bureaucrats' privileges be pared down; that former government officials be prohibited from lobbying for foreign governments; that public school teachers be tested for competence. But he reacts in horror to Perot's magnificent proposal for a constitutional amendment that Congress not be able to raise taxes unless that increase is approved in a national public referendum. Magnificent; wondrously paleo-libertarian; and, above all, a lot better than the phony balanced budget amendment that is now the darling of both parties in Congress.

Dugger is also horrified that all of Perot's businesses have been non-union. Great! Of course, what this means under our current system is that the working conditions in Perot's companies have been such that the workers don't *want* unions to come in and muck things up. This is supposed to be a *problem*?

Dugger's main charge is the standard reaction by all Perot's opponents, especially the two major parties: that he is "buying the Presidency." This complaint will be dealt with below.

Veteran leftist Robert Fitch weighs in, in the *Nation*, with the gripe that Perot made his billions from government contracts. But this means that he saved the taxpayers money by efficiently privatizing the computerization of state Medicare and Medicaid claims. What's wrong with *that*?

The centerpiece of the *New Republic* issue is the lengthy smear by Sidney Blumenthal, "Perotnoia." The "paranoia," conspiracy theorist, "paramilitary" themes are lovingly parsed, Perot's high moral standards are sneered at, and the Fitch "welfare billionaire" theme is repeated. As in the case of Pat Buchanan, Blumenthal provides a virtual compendium of smears of his target. Blumenthal goes so far as to justify the Ayatollah's seizure of Perot's employees on the bizarre grounds that "EDS (Electronic Data Services) had refused to fulfill its obligations to the Iranian social security administration, and the hostages were held for a ransom equal to the amount stipulated in the broken contract." Blumenthal even echoes the claim of the Ayatollah's forces that "the escape was arranged by the simple bribery of jail guards." Well, gee Sidney, if you're ever held hostage by a fanatical regime, we'll make sure not to bribe any guards to get *you* free.

And of course, Sidney is incensed by the "populist demagogy" and big money of Perot and innovation of direct democracy. The electronic town halls would "in effect supplant Congress as the deliberative body." Well, tough, Sidney; it is the spectacle of that very "deliberative body," its petty despotism and its gridlock, that has driven Americans to consider this radical populist solution. It is almost obscene, furthermore, for Social Democrat Blumenthal to grouse about the abolition of "the Madisonian system" and "the concentration of power the Framers warned against." Imagine invoking the Framers, all of whom, even the scalawag Madison and the evil nationalist Hamilton, are spinning in their graves at the despotic, Social Democratic mess their system has degenerated into! And, of course, the anti-Federalists, and the Jeffersonians and Calhounians, are only saying "I told you so." No, the "Madisonian system" hasn't worked, was indeed fatally flawed from the very beginning, and needs to be tossed aside and replaced. Radically replaced, not tinkered with.

Blumenthal winds up, of course, with the hint of Hitler; he likens Perot to "another tradition, that of the eccentric self-made millionaire...Henry Ford." "Like Ford," Sidney

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goes on, Perot "is a crusader with a confusion of conspiracies swirling around in his head." Well, Ford was definitely a self-made business genius, and he was an anti-war crusader, but he was not an "authoritarian corporatist". Ford did believe in funny-money schemes and he did sponsor a series critical of *The International Jew*. In a grotesque form of guilt-by-association, in other words, Blumenthal is implying that Perot is anti-Semitic simply because he, like Ford, is a self-made businessman and because he believes in *some* forms of "conspiracy analysis."

It is too bad that we live in an America so corrupt that Blumenthal and the *New Republic* are allowed to get away with this swill.

Grounding himself on this jerry-built structure, Blumenthal concludes that Perot "is really an archetype from the 1920's, playing on Coolidge-era values to advance his authoritarian corporatism, which evokes the 1930s." Thus, "Coolidge-era values"—presumably hard work, thrift, respect for private property—are not-too-subtly transmuted by the alchemist Blumenthal into "authoritarian corporatism" and the "1930s," i.e. fascism. What: no mention of Hitler?

It is too bad that we live in an America so corrupt that Blumenthal and the *New Republic* are allowed to get away with this swill, with this systematic bearing of false witness against their political opponents. No: as a libertarian, I am *not* calling for government censorship, but for a social climate in which this sort of malicious mud-slinging would not be permitted. My old friend Frank Meyer used to call for the public horsewhipping of this sort of people; at the time, I thought he was being quixotically aristocratic. Now, I'm not so sure.

In contrast to Blumenthal's exercise in character assassination, John B. Judis's "The Executive" in the *New Republic* is almost favorable. Judis has long been one of the most intelligent and certainly the fairest of left-liberal social critics; and his fair shake to Perot is also enhanced by his agreeing with Perot's seeming friendliness toward tariffs or industrial policy. But in contrast to Blumenthal, who puts down Perot's differences with GM as grousing about not getting his own way, Judis points out that Perot's main complaint against GM and American industry is not the evils of Japan but the top-heavy bureaucratic torpor and arrogance of American corporate managerial class. He notes Perot's indictment: "Right now, when I look at my country, I feel like I'm looking at General Motors" during the mid-1980's. Perot charges that American CEO's are captured by process, not results: "You don't get to be chairman of the board by building the best car, the best television set, or the best stereo," charges Perot perceptively. "You get to be chairman of the board by being good at running overhead projectors and making staff reports." Judis discerningly concludes that Americans are enchanted with Perot, not so much for his heroic rescue, but because they see in him "an industrial genius, who, in his words, will 'have that car jacked up, the engine out of it, and be working on it and get it back on the road!" In short: Problem-solving, action, leadership.

We need not be kept in suspense to figure out the *New Republic's* own stance: its editorial, "The Tempter," makes all too clear that this rag takes its stand with Blumenthal's Perot-phobia rather than with the balanced view of John Judis. As the Social Democrats did with Buchanan, *NR* links Perot's alleged "neo-protectionism," with, oh so terrible, his alleged "instinctive, and largely extemporized, isolationism," which "would gravely harm this country's interests." It would be nice if, some time, the isolationophobes would tell us exactly *whose* interests they mean when they use the camouflage collective term "country." Certainly, *my* interests would not be harmed by an isolationist foreign policy, and I dare say this would be true of most Americans. There are some

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special interests, of course, who would be hurt by the abandonment of the interventionist foreign policy that has been conducted for nearly a century at our expense: e.g. the interests of export firms, of the bankers who finance them, and of the bankers who invest in foreign government bonds.

The *New Republic* then rings the changes: attacking the electronic town hall, and accusing Perot of being "personally vicious, self-obsessed and verging on a paranoid," a man whose "conspiratorial zeal reminds us of a cross between Oliver North and Oliver Stone." Oliverism! Sounds better and better! The *New Republic* reveals its true complaint when it charges that Perot believes that what he thinks is true ("certainty about his own rightness")—that's in contrast to the humble folk at the *New Republic*? The problem, says the *NR*, is that a president must not only *act*, he must also engage "in a dialogue with a plurality of interests, voices, and impulses." The terrible thing, wails the *NR*, is that Perot doesn't seem to understand this "context," which is *political*. But this "pluralist dialogue," this sort of *politics*, is precisely what has brought us to the present gridlock, the present statist mess. The entire Perot mass movement is a reaction against our "political context," and precisely a call for a leader, for a President who will refuse to be a creature of the plurality of special interests and pressure groups that are destroying our country. The *New Republic*, and the neocon pressure group that *it* represents, embody the very problem that we are suffering from; it is part of the problem, not part of the solution. Only a charismatic President can break the gridlock, can act, can sweep away the parasitic elites and special interest groups that are crippling America and bringing it down. A Perotvian America is not an America in which the *New Republic* and its ilk would flourish. hence the hatred and the desperation.

And this brings us to the common charge that Ross Perot is "trying to buy the Presidency." The charge is not going to work, because to the mass of Perotvians, *that* is Ross Perot's glory: as a self-made billionaire, as the creator of a new third-ticket, H. Ross Perot *is not beholden*. He is his own man. Americans do not complain; they are happy about the fact that Perot is spending his own money. He is not beholden to the money of the special interest groups, the PACs, or Hollywood. As an independent, he in not beholden to the political machines of either major party. In contrast to all other politicians, he is his own man, and he is free: free to make his own decisions, to appoint whomever he believes are the best advisers and officials, to make his own way and his own mistakes. To use a Hegelian phrase, his vast wealth, and his independent campaign, allows Perot to transcend the realm of necessity and to enter the realm of freedom. And regardless of the mistakes he may make, Americans can only be the gainers.

H. Ross Perot *is not beholden.* He is his own man. Americans are happy about the fact that Perot is spending his own money.

And a point of particular interest to libertarians: in contrast to Democrats and Republicans, he is using all of his own money, and none of ours. Left-liberals glorify the pernicious system of matching funds, in which taxpayers are forced to contribute to political parties and candidates they may abhor. The Libertarian Party has long had an internal debate about matching funds: should a party devoted to libertarian principle accept matching funds? The tactical problem is complex, but I always stood with the "purists," that whatever monetary advantage would accrue would be more than offset by the LP's blatant violation of its own principles. This year, the Marrou campaign decided to go after matching funds, but it was too incompetent to qualify. But think of it: Ross Perot, by spending his own money, is fulfilling the libertarian principle of not relying on the taxpayers, a principle

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that the LP itself has abandoned. Ross Perot is not only not beholden to special interest groups; he is financing his campaign without imposing upon the taxpayers.

A final word about the LP, now rapidly self-destructing. Apart from its various peccadilloes and craziness, which we have detailed in these pages, the entire LP can now be seen as founded on a strategic flaw: that, when, at some point, the people get fed up with politics or with Washington, they will turn to the LP. In 1980, the first wave of anti-government sentiment, they didn't do so; instead, the anti-government sentiment was siphoned off by the rhetoric of Ronald Reagan and by the existence of the Anderson third ticket. The handlers of the Clark campaign in 1980 groused that "if not for Anderson," the LP would have gotten millions of votes. And now, in the current, even stronger wave of anti-government sentiment, the people are turning, not to the LP, but to other, better known populist instruments: in turn, David Duke, Pat Buchanan, Jerry Brown, and most of all, Ross Perot. So, instead of knocking Perot, et al., the more thoughtful LPers should ask themselves: why should it ever be different? Why should America *ever* turn to a crazy little party with weird positions on a multitude of subjects? It is high time for thoughtful Libertarians to rethink their basic strategy, to leave or scrap the LP, and to become part of real-world coalitions for meaningful, populist social change. ■

Anarchists in Poland

by M.N.R.

Received in the mail: a mimeographed "News from Poland," the "world bulletin" of the Anarchist Federation [FA]. FA is apparently a coalition of "libertarians" or anarcho-capitalists, anarcho-syndicalists, and "eco-anarchists." What could such seemingly clashing groups possibly unite on? Apparently, many Polish libertarians are at least as mixed up and Left-oriented as Libertarians here at home. What do they unite on? Apart from a few such sensible causes as anti-tax, and anti-coerced social insurance, the litany is all too familiar: counter-culture, "freedom of drugs," "freedom of sex/perversions/pornography," "the philosophy, fantasy/science fiction," "punk/hard core music," "punk/hard core zine," animal rights, feminism, vegetarianism, pacifism, mysticism, "trans-vanguard," "anarcho-artistic activities," and "psychic release and alternative ways of life."

The one hopeful note in this Libertarians from Hell movement is that the major enemy of the FA is the heroic and flamboyant leader of genuine libertarianism, shall we say paleo-libertarianism? in Poland, Janusz Korwin-Mikke. Korwin-Mikke, the head of the UPR, which the FA refers to variously as the "liberal-conservative" and the "conservative" party, took two actions that enraged the Left-libertarians. First, he called for the dismissal of the Environmental Minister, Stefan Koslowski, because the latter asked the court to grant amnesty for violence committed by the FA in its campaign to stop a dam from being built in southern Poland. Second, and even more charmingly, Korwin-Mikke reacted strongly against an "ecological" campaign to picket fur shops, so as to persuade people not to use "natural animal furs." This "ecological movement" is dubbed the "Community of All Beings." Korwin-Mikke's response: to launch a "competitive" pro-fur campaign. Hooray: let's hear it for the Polish UPR! ■

Mr. First Nighter

by M.N.R.

Hear My Song

A wondrous, exuberant, very funny, and heartwarming movie by the best new director in many a moon, Peter Chelsom, who also co-wrote the screenplay. A richly-textured show-business film set among Irish immigrants in England (presumably in Liverpool) and in Ireland, *Hear My Song* is the story, based in fact, of the return to England of the legendary Irish tenor, Josef Locke, who had had to flee the tax collectors twenty-five years before. Marvelously directed with a light and sure touch, the movie provides the best-ever portrayal of Irish rural life and hi-jinks. The sound-track too, is filled with wonderful Irish jazz. Ned Beatty displays surprising ability

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and panache in the Locke role, and Adrian Dunbar (who co-wrote the script) is excellent in the protagonist role of a scampish theater promoter, strongly reminiscent of Nigel Havers. Don't miss this low-budget charmer!

White Men Can't Jump

This movie by Ron Shelton, who brought us the splendid baseball movie *Bull Durham*, has been extravagantly praised by all critics as doing the same for inner-city playground basketball. Don't you believe it. Unless you're crazy about incomprehensible shuckin' and jivin'. The banal plot centers around the fact that Woody Harrelson, though white, can actually play good playground basketball. Harrelson and black actor Wesley Snipes hustle each other and other playground players, and Harrelson has a stormy relationship with a dippy Puerto Rican/Asian girl friend who spends her time trying to get on *Jeopardy*. Big deal. The only interesting thing about this movie is that I saw it in a neighborhood Manhattan theater. One of the guys waiting in line outside for a bus looked like a refugee from the movie itself, replete with baseball cap perched backward on his head and skate blading around the line. The guy was mortified when the bus driver wouldn't let him on.

Hey, suppose they made a movie, *Black Men Can't Swim*? What do you think would happen?

Fried Green Tomatoes

A charming movie, directed by Jon Avnet, about the rural South, now and in the old days. Outstanding acting by Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, and the rest of the cast. A paean to the old Southern way of life, funny and suspenseful. Even the feminism is not obnoxious, with Southern matron Kathy Bates learning to be more assertive and telling off some rude young-punk girls. Based on an autobiographical novel by Alabama-born and raised Fannie Flagg, one of the charms of the movie is that all the Alabama characters, even the Ku Kluxers, are wonderful people, whereas the Georgians, not far across the border, are all nasty villains who beat their wives. And the Georgian Kluxers are real mean.

Organized lesbians have been complaining that the lesbianism of the book is not made explicit in the movie. Tough.

Basic Instinct

The brouhaha over this movie is ridiculous. This is not one of the Major Statements of Our Time. Basically a *film noir*—a tough, sleazy cop-and-murder picture, differing from the old films noir by having lots of soft-core porn. There is nothing redeemable about any of the characters, including the "hero" Michael Douglas, who is getting to resemble Papa Kirk more and more, except that his acting is wooden instead of hyper-emotive. Last-minute editing out of the Famous Nude Shot of sexpot-quasi murderess Sharon Stone saved the indispensable R rating for the movie, but destroyed whatever interest it might have had for porn fans. (Now that hard-core porn is easily available, what in the world is the point of the soft-core variety? Why do we have to endure it in general distribution movies?)

Organized lesbians have hysterically attacked this movie for an allegedly negative portrayal. Actually, women in general don't come off too well,

Hey, suppose they made a movie, *Black Men Can't Swim*? What do you think would happen?

if anyone is crazy enough to look for a Message in this movie. Clearer messages from *Basic Instinct* would be: (a) Sex is deadly, not so much from AIDS as from a female with an ice-pick; and (b) all female shrinks are evil. Come to think of it, maybe, in its decadent way, this movie can be considered a Moral Tale.

Directed by Paul Verhoeven, whose return to Holland would be welcome.

The Academy Awards

On a dreary occasion, we take what comfort we can. In

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particular: Billy Crystal's incredulity at Governor Clinton's never inhaling marijuana, and the joy of seeing the ugly, no-talent egomaniac La Streisand *not* get nominated for Best Director. And, not least of all, Crystal mocking the Streisand claim of anti-female discrimination by stating that he didn't get nominated for Best Actor because he is a man. ■

Garet Garrett: Exemplar of the Old Right

by Justin Raimondo

If the American Right is to regain its bearings in the post-Cold War world, the heroes of the Old Right—conservative critics of globalism and the New Deal—must be revived, remembered, and given the honor that is their due.

One such figure was Garet Garrett (1878-1954), whose career as a writer, editor, and polemicist encompassed the rise and fall of the pre-WWII Right in America. The son of a tinker, young Garet spent his boyhood in Burlington, Iowa. As a newspaperman, he worked for the *Washington Times* (where he covered the White House of William McKinley), the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, and others.

The Great War had quite an effect on him, for shortly after Armistice Day he left newspaper work and took up fiction. His first and most remunerative market was the *Saturday Evening Post*, which, under George Horace Lorimer, was a fountainhead of Old Right culture. Garrett sold a spate of short stories, and a number of serialized novels. One was *The Driver*, which is centered around the career of a Wall Street trader, a speculator by the name of Henry Galt. Galt is a financial genius obsessed with railroads—and the unacknowledged similarities with Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* do not end there. (See my forthcoming article in *Chronicles*.)

At about the same time, Garrett wrote a series of articles on the war debt question for the *SEP*. In his view, the seeds of the next war had already been planted, and the cause was economic. The Allies imposed reparations, and then loaned the Germans the money to pay it back—earning a high rate of interest in the bargain. Germany got out of paying by inflating its currency, and her creditors were obliged to rescue her from sinking into insolvency and going Bolshevik. For the first time, the Red Menace was being invoked as a rationale for foreign entanglements. To Garrett, it was blackmail pure and simple; the threat of Bolshevism in Germany was "nine-tenths conjuration." This series was close to the heart of George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *SEP*, and their collaboration on this project led directly to Garrett's long association with the magazine.

The crash of 1929 and the ascension of Franklin Delano Roosevelt marked a turning point for Garet Garrett and the Old Right. For here the two things they had feared most—the rise of Big Government and the acceleration of foreign entanglements—began to dominate the American stage. The *SEP*, under Lorimer, was implacably hostile to both trends, and Garrett's articles and editorials blasted away at Roosevelt. He had blamed the crash of 1929 on the Federal Reserve's inflationary policy, and warned of the dangers of turning to government as the solution to the crisis. In the January 23, 1932, *SEP*, Garrett saw what the end of this "let the government do it" attitude would be: "Increasingly, as it may seem, irresistibly, we are using public credit to create an indigent caste, indigence becoming more and more comfortable until for many it may seem a goal...."

If the American Right is to regain its bearings, the heroes of the Old Right must be revived, remembered, and given the honor that is their due.

During the terrible "Hundred Days," in which FDR launched a frontal assault on American capitalism, Garrett was in fine form. On June 16, Congress

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passed the Banking Act, which instituted federal deposit insurance, and Garrett wrote: "So, after 130 years of American banking, we hesitate between what we rationally know ought to be done, and, on the other hand, love of the dangerous credit ecstasy, and make believe that American banking can be made safe by a Government guaranty of bank deposits."

Instead of limiting production and competition by setting up government-privileged industrial cartels, Garrett advised the President to undo all constraints on free competition, let prices reach their natural level, and the recovery would be upon us.

Instead of taking this advice, FDR introduced the Social Security Act of 1935, which Garrett denounced as a fraud, for "all the people can possibly receive from the Government in the way of benefits...is their own money back, less the cost of government." The Social Security tax penalized employment and would lengthen the bread lines. "No government can provide social security. It is not in the nature of government to be able to provide anything. Government itself is not self-supporting. It lives by taxation. Therefore, since it cannot provide for itself but by taking toll of what the people produce, how can it provide social security for the people?"

Garrett's great phillipic against the New Deal, *The Revolution Was*, did not appear until 1945, but it was written in 1938. In this essay, and in two others later collected in his book, *The People's Pottage*, Garrett is at his best; the prose style, with its striking simplicity and sense of tragedy, is hauntingly beautiful: "There are those who still think they are holding the pass against a revolution that may be coming up the road. But they are gazing in the wrong direction. The Revolution is behind them. It went by in the Night of Depression, singing songs to freedom."

This essay marked a dramatic change in the tone of Garrett's writing. During the era of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, Garrett had been the prophet of American optimism. By 1938, however, Garrett had changed his opinion. The new revolutionary elite ruling America "had no name, no habitat, no rigid line. The only party was the Communist party, and it was included; but its attack was too obvious and its proletarianism too crude, and moreover, it was under the stigma of not belonging. Nobody could say that about the elite above. It did belong, it was eminently respectable, and it knew the American scene. What it represented was a quantity of bitter intellectual radicalism infiltrated from the top downward as a doctorhood of professors, writers, critics, analysts, advisers, administrators, directors of research, and so on—a prepared revolutionary intelligence in spectacles."

"When the opportunity came a Gracchus would be needed," wrote Garrett. "The elite could produce one. And that was something the Communist Party could not hope to do." That country squire in the White House, as John T. Flynn characterized Roosevelt in the title of his bestselling book, was the perfect candidate for the job. Having captured the seat of government, the American Gracchus moved quickly to consolidate the "revolution within the form."

"So it was that a revolution took place within the form. Like the hagfish, the New Deal entered the old form and devoured its meaning from within. The revolutionaries were inside; the defenders were outside. A government that had been supported by the people and so controlled by the people became one that supported the people and so controlled them. Much of it is irreversible. That is true because habits of dependence are much easier to form than to break. Once the government...has assumed the responsibility to provide people with buying power...according to a minimum prescribed by the government, it will never be the same again."

As the New Deal obliterated the world he had known, Garrett's somber vision was being realized. All around him, allies and institutions he had counted on to stand up to Roosevelt were falling by the wayside. In October 1937 his good friend and editor, George Horace Lorimer, died. It was a great blow, coming as it did in the midst of Garrett's greatest battle. But the editorial policy of the *SEP* was unchanged, at least for the moment. Wesley Stout, a staunch anti-New Dealer and isolationist, was appointed editor, and in June of 1940 Garrett was made chief editorial writer.

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Garrett's invective against the President gained in intensity as the approach to war accelerated. America, said Garrett, had no business defending Europe from itself. If the continental United States was truly in danger, then instead of squandering millions on the New Deal we ought to be preparing our own defense. The Administration kept telling the American people that Germany, Italy, and Japan were our enemies—but the main enemy was located not in Berlin, Tokyo, or Rome, but in socialism right here at home; this was Garrett's view and that of the Old Right right up until the attack on Pearl Harbor.

After a long and distinguished career, he could not find a job—because, like so many other Old Right journalists, he was blacklisted.

A few months after Pearl Harbor, Garrett was no longer employed at the *Saturday Evening Post*; the editor, Wesley Stout, was also purged, along with all others who had taken the Lorimer-Garrett America First line. In a letter to Herbert Hoover, Garrett wrote: "You are perhaps aware that the Satevepost has lifted up her garments to the New Deal.... The change of policy begins at once."

At the age of sixty-four, after twenty years on the *SEP*, Garet Garrett was unemployed. After a long and distinguished career as a financial writer and commentator, the author of many books, he could not find a job—because, like so many other Old Right journalists, he was blacklisted, shut out of the mainstream media. A similar fate awaited—or had already befallen—John T. Flynn, Albert Jay Nock, Oswald Garrison Villard, Frank Chodorov, and virtually anyone considered an "isolationist."

After two years of looking for a niche, Garrett found one at *American Affairs*, the magazine of the National Industrial Conference Board, where he took on the Truman Administration for continuing price controls and government-guaranteed "full employment." Still an unreconstructed America Firster, he opposed the Marshall Plan as an absurdity. The state of the European economy was no concern of ours; Europe's problems were due to her socialist ideology.

To the doughty old warrior, who had fought Roosevelt every inch of the way, the postwar world must have seemed a bleak and unfriendly place. War had transformed the nation, and not for the better. All around him, the legacy of the New Deal was triumphant. The economic life of the country, once ruled by the market, was now managed by Washington, and the political culture was transformed. Garrett had always considered himself a radical, in the classical liberal tradition. Now, that tradition was virtually extinct, and "what was conservative is radical, and *laissez faire*, which was radical, is reactionary."

In October of 1950, *American Affairs* ceased publication. In the four remaining years of his life, Garrett wrote three new books. *The Wild Wheel* was a study of Henry Ford which served as a framework for Garrett to celebrate the age of *laissez faire*.

In 1953, Garrett published *The People's Pottage*, a collection of three interrelated essays, including *The Revolution Was, Ex America*, and *Rise of Empire*.

While reiterating many of the themes of *The Revolution Was, Ex America* reflected Garrett's growing concern over the rise of American globalism. Twice we had come to Europe's aid, and now we were doing it for the third time. The Marshall Plan enabled European industry to once again compete with America for world markets. This kind of generosity, maintained Garrett, was unprecedented; it equaled the national wealth of Great Britain, whose Socialist leaders criticized us for our vulgar materialism.

This deference to the Old World originated with American intellectuals, charged Garrett, "who began to import political ideas from Europe. This was reversal. Until then for more than one hundred years Europe had been taking ideas from

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us''—but now the transmission belt was put in reverse. From Germany, the idea of social security; from England, the ideas of the Fabians, as well as political laborism.

In terms of domestic policy, this meant the victory of the New Deal. In the realm of foreign affairs, this policy of Europe First meant the victory of the war party. In describing the vicious, no-holds-barred campaign to drag America into WWII, Garrett's bitterness is palpable: ''In the orchestration of this policy the intellectuals had the drums, the percussion instruments and the brass; the administration played the strings and the woodwinds. To the science of propaganda a new book was added. Never before in a free country, with no actually imposed forms of thought control, had the mind of a people been so successfully conditioned. In three years *isolationist* became a smear word, supposed to be politically fatal, and to say or think *America first* was treason to mankind.''

They had driven him out of journalism, and out of the mainstream of American political life. His views, once representative of the culture, were now held only by a small and rapidly diminishing minority. Yet his voice was not stilled; it grew ever more bitter, more alarmed—and yet, strangely, more lyrical with time. *Rise of Empire*, the last of the *People's Pottage* trilogy, returns to Garrett's theme of ''revolution within the form,'' only this time applied to the revolution in our foreign policy. ''We have crossed the boundary that lies between Republic and Empire,'' wrote Garrett in the opening sentence of his prophetic pamphlet. Compared to Roosevelt, Truman was a pygmy—and yet, in initiating the Korean ''police action,'' had managed to set the kind of precedent FDR only dreamed about.

In *Rise of Empire* Garrett directed his attention to what he considered the central issue of our time. ''The question is: 'Whose hand shall control the instrument of war?' It is late to ask. It may be too late, for when the hand of the Republic begins to relax another hand is already putting itself forth.''

The question is: Whose hand shall control the instrument of war?

Who or what moves this hand? It is, said Garrett, the imperial impulse. Triumphant at home, the Leviathan looks outward for new worlds to conquer. This is how a republic becomes an Empire, and the first sign of it is when ''The executive power of government shall be dominant.'' The system set up by the Founders, with its separation of powers, worked, observed Garrett, ''and worked extremely well, for the Republic. It would not work for Empire, because what Empire needs above all in government is an executive power that can make immediate decisions.'' Garrett opposed executive dominance because he was the uncompromising champion of a strictly *limited* government. Contrast this with the view of today's ''Big Government conservatives,'' who hail the Imperial Presidency and exult in the pomp and circumstance which surrounds that bloated office.

A ''second sign of Empire'' comes into existence when ''Domestic policy becomes subordinate to foreign policy.'' The Cold War meant that foreign policy occupied a central place in the minds and plans of the power elite, because nothing less than the survival of the nation was supposedly at stake. Therefore, any sacrifice was necessary in pursuit of this new overseas crusade; freedom, solvency, the American standard of living—there was nothing we might not throw overboard in order to ensure our survival. Seizure of private property, conscription; a ''garrison state [in which] the hungry may have to be fed not by checks from the Treasury but in soup kitchens!''—such was the future Garrett foresaw as the Cold War got going.

He saw it all coming, in 1952; and in such detail that *Rise of Empire* has about it an air of

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timeless modernity. Just as government now had a "vested interest in the power of inflation," said Garrett, "so now we may perceive that it will come also to have a kind of proprietary interest in the institution of perpetual war."

And so it was to be a war without end. Not even the end of the Cold War, the collapse of Communism, and the emergence of the U.S. as the sole superpower on earth, would satisfy the ideologues of the new globalism—and Garrett foresaw this, too. When one enemy was vanquished, a new one would rise to take its place, until, finally, the Republic-turned-Empire finds itself the "prisoner of history." Locked into economic and political necessity, Americans would at last embrace the idea that "It is our turn. Our turn to do what? Our turn to maintain a balance of power against the forces of evil everywhere—in Europe and Asia and Africa, in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, by air and by sea. . . ."

Our turn to "keep the peace of the world," to "save civilization," to "serve mankind." But this, he protested, is "the language of Empire," the same imperial tongue spoken by the Romans, "who took seriously their civilizing mission," the Spanish, "who added salvation," and the British who "added the noble myth of the white man's burden." Our own contribution to the mythology has been the addition of the words "freedom and democracy."

"Yet the more that may be added to it the more it is the same language still. A language of power."

Garrett's trilogy of essays was the magnificent manifesto of a movement that was dying, even as the 75-year-old Garrett was beginning to run out of steam. Yet his work lives, and as conservatives begin to rediscover their Old Right roots, and reclaim their rightful heritage, they will find a treasure trove in the legacy of Garet Garrett. ■

Justin Raimondo is the author of *Reclaiming the American Right*.

The Political Trial of Manuel Noriega

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

Political prisoner Manuel Noriega has, after 27 months of hearings and trial, been found guilty of drug trafficking and other crimes. He will spend the rest of his life in jail.

Noriega is a thug; he may even be guilty of the crimes he was charged with, although the process he was subjected to makes me wonder. But we didn't need a trial to tell us he was a bad guy: he was recruited by the CIA. The Agency doesn't seek out Mother Teresas; it wants men and women willing to betray their country for foreign lucre.

Was Noriega really one of Bush's "drugpins"? Before the invasion, Admiral Dan Murphy—Bush's vice presidential drug aide—said that during his "tenure at [the National Narcotics Interdiction System]" and "the South Florida Task Force, I never saw any intelligence suggesting General Noriega's involvement in the drug trade." In fact, Panama was "the model" cooperator with the U.S. "on the war on drugs."

Regardless, many D.C.-approved military leaders deal in drugs, from Central American generals to Afghan Islamic fundamentalists. So while cocaine may have been part of the story, there has to be more, perhaps involving the George-Manny relationship when Bush headed the CIA, or the Iran-Contra affair.

But the jurors, and the American people, were never allowed to know. Before the trial, former CIA director Stansfield Turner said, "Do we really want him talking in open court about his relations with our secret activities?" The answer was, of course, no, and Judge William Hoeveler made sure it stayed that way. He barred all evidence relating to the Bush-Noriega connection and almost all material about Noriega's association with the CIA. Nor could the illegal way in which he was brought to the U.S. nor the question of U.S. jurisdiction over foreign heads of state be raised. By what right did the U.S. claim to kidnap him? We were never allowed to hear.

Worse, the feds seized or blocked Noriega's assets before the trial so he couldn't hire the lawyers he wanted. Worse, one of the lawyers he finally got, turned out to be a paid

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government informant. Just in case this man had forgotten to pass anything along, Noriega's phone calls from jail to his other lawyers were tapped and tapes provided to the government.

When Bush launched his invasion without Congressional approval and therefore unconstitutionally, one "provocation" was Panama's "declaration of war." Since the U.S. was looking for an excuse to invade, and since Noriega was anxious to prevent his overthrow, this was highly unlikely. And indeed, it never happened.

The preamble to a bill in the Panamanian Congress contained the phrase: "since a state of war exists..." And, indeed, the embargo that the U.S. had earlier imposed on Panama was an act of war. But this routine phrase was no declaration. When Bush acted, however, it cost three to four thousand dead civilians, as Ramsey Clark has shown; more than a billion dollars in damage to a Third World nation already impoverished by the embargo; 23 dead American soldiers; and a more arrogant and aggressive U.S. government for us.

After the invasion, the State Department had a new government sworn in on a U.S. military base. It was headed by Guillermo Endara, recipient of his own $10 million from the CIA, according to Jonathan Marshall of the *Oakland Tribune*. Endara's business partner was later arrested in Georgia for running cocaine.

After his defeat, Noriega sought asylum in the Vatican embassy. So the U.S. violated international law by harassing the diplomats with "music": banks of giant speakers played rap, hip-hop, and rock and roll at ear-damaging levels. Soon Noriega was on his way to Miami.

"America does not go abroad in search of monsters to destroy," said John Quincy Adams. "She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own."

That was the original American policy. But its violations in this century have left us—exactly as Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and the others predicted—with a Leviathan at home and a Leviathan abroad. As the Founders would have predicted, a government that feels free to bomb other nations will hardly refrain from subverting our families, ruling our businesses, or confiscating our incomes.

At least Noriega wasn't dragged through D.C. behind the Emperor Bush's chariot. But given the corruption of empire, I'm not ruling anything out. ■

Lawyer Terrorism

by L.H.R., Jr.

If you doubt that American business is being subjected to a reign of legal terror called civil rights, consider the recent "sex discrimination" judgment against State Farm Insurance. The company settled a 13-year-old class-action lawsuit by paying 814 California women at least $150,000 each (of which their lawyer will get about half).

It all started when Muriel Kraszewski, who worked for State Farm in the 1970s as a secretary, wanted a job in sales. The company turned her down, so Kraszewski left and got a sales job with another firm.

American business is being subjected to a reign of terror called civil rights.

That's how the market works. Employees are constantly looking for better opportunities. And this is as true for men as for women. If a man works in the mail room at State Farm and is denied a promotion he feels he has earned, he is free to seek out a company that places a higher value on his services.

This applies to sales, sports, and brain surgery. When a person is undervalued, he goes elsewhere. How, then, does Kraszewski's sex enter the picture? Because, by virtue of her femaleness, the government has given her a grant of special privilege under the Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. She

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may sue the heck out of any employer she believes has undervalued her.

Instead of praising the free market for making it possible for her to switch jobs and get a better position, she filed a lawsuit against the company that trained her in the insurance business.

If all employees who left their jobs for better ones sued their former employer and won, the economy would fall apart. Why did Kraszewski do it? Because, she says, she wanted "to make sure this doesn't happen to anyone else." (And because she got $431,000 out of the deal.)

But is it really possible to "make sure" that employers never miscalculate a person's worth? Of course not. All firms have imperfect knowledge. The State Farm supervisors who didn't promote these 814 women thought they couldn't do the job. And they may have been right. We don't even know how successful a seller Kraszewski is, or whether these other women can sell at all.

If the company was wrong, and my guess is that it wasn't, State Farm lost potentially good salesmen to the competition. That's the way the market works.

Did State Farm fail to promote these 814 women because they were women, even though it knew they were as good or better than its male salesmen? That is, to say the least, unlikely. But if the company was that irrational, we don't know. There was no evidence. The judge simply assumed that State Farm hates women because they are "under-represented" in sales.

Since the lawsuit was filed in 1973, the number of women in California State Farm sales has increased from 1% to 15%. It will be going higher, for in 1988, federal judge Thelton Henderson ordered State Farm to make 50% of its new agents women.

This is called "fair and equal opportunity" by the government, but in fact it is unfair interference in the economy: companies are strong-armed into hiring on political rather than market grounds. And the consequences are extremely serious.

Aside from the harm done to State Farm because it must hire by quota rather than merit, on the crazed idea that men and women are identical, there will be inter-sexual hatreds. Female sales agents at State Farm will be slighted, because everyone will assume they got their jobs through affirmative action. And would-be male salesmen for State Farm will be especially resentful, since they will assume they are being passed over for political reasons.

And what about Kraszewski's present employer? Will it fire her if she does a lousy job? If she spends, say, all her time on a lawsuit? Not on your life. The company would fear a similar lawsuit against it.

Kraszewski is no victim of sex discrimination. She got a better job at better pay. The real victim is State Farm, which has been hit with $157 million in damages because special interests want to pick its deep pockets.

This "victory" sends a "powerful message," said lawyer Guy Saperstein, now many millions richer. And indeed it does: that American business is under attack by an anti-market alliance of lawyers and "victims."

If we do get a conservative Congress this November, its first order of business should be to repeal the civil rights laws, and make this kind of rip-off impossible. ■

The Family's Enemy, the State

by L.H.R., Jr.

In a horrifying crime, a sex criminal stole eight-year-old Alicia Wade from her bed in San Diego, writes AP reporter Connie Cass, and returned her before dawn. She would not spend another night at home for two and a half years.

Despite five similar crimes in the neighborhood, for which a man was later caught and convicted, the social workers accused the father, 20-year Navy enlisted man Jim Wade, of attacking his own daughter. They had no evidence, simply the state bias against parents.

"I don't think people realize just how tenuous your hold is on your children," he says. "They don't have to prove anything. They can take your kids away on just suspicion."

The county government's Child Protective Services put Alicia in a foster home and "counselled" her. "She was

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told over and over," says her mother, "that she had to blame her daddy. She was isolated from her family. It was a form of torture and brainwashing." After 13 months of reiteration, it worked. Says the little girl, "I was just saying what they told me to say." Her father was arrested at work and charged with "performing lewd acts on a child," a crime carrying a possible 16-year prison sentence.

"I thought my life was over," said Wade, but his lawyer found that the cops had neglected some semen stains on the little girl's nightgown. DNA tests proved that they could never have come from her father.

In an unusual ruling, Wade was found innocent—instead of merely not guilty—by the judge.

In an unusual ruling, Wade was found innocent—instead of merely not guilty—by the judge. But by that time, he and his wife had undergone years of official terror, with humiliating interrogations, psychological tests, and court appearances. He was $125,000 in debt to his lawyers, and he had lost all his friends. The Wades, who had thought of suicide, were convinced that they would never see their daughter again. They got her back one week before she was to be adopted.

The Wades, their lives ruined and their daughter's ordeal much worsened by government, are members now of a group called Victims of Child Abuse Laws. Such laws tranfer parental authority to the state, and therefore violate our religious traditions as well are our liberties.

The Wades plan to move to Missouri. In the meantime, they are suing every bureaucrat and consultant involved in their case. May they win a massive judgment. ■

The Pretty Bad Empire

by L.H.R., Jr.

With the end of the Cold War, the nature of the U.S. empire is becoming clearer. The Pentagon issues a war plan for permanent global hegemony (and perpetually big budgets), and neocon Fred Barnes—the man who named himself and his fellow neocons "big-government conservatives"—got more honest about foreign policy as well.

Writing in *The New Republic*, always a mouthpiece for imperialism, Barnes criticized Pat Buchanan's call to bring the boys home. The "presence of American troops overseas gives the United States considerably more power and influence in the world than it would otherwise have," says Barnes.

It's irrelevant whether "Germany and Japan" pay "their fair share for defense." The U.S. "has more clout with Germany and Japan because our troops are there. Take them out and we'll have less." Since 1945, the U.S. has been able to exercise control "in precisely those areas where we've had a permanent troop presence (Germany, Japan, Korea, the Philippines)." The government has been "least successful where we've had to dispatch our troops in an emergency (Vietnam, Lebanon). Desert Storm was an exception."

And he's right. The U.S. government occupies Germany, Japan, and other countries in order to exercise some control over them; "defense" has nothing to do with it.

From their study of politics and history, the Founding Fathers warned that we could not have a republic at home and an empire abroad. Commonsense agrees. A government that seeks to rule other nations will hardly stay its hand from our families, businesses, and other private sources of competitive authority.

Military power has always been the handmaiden of dictatorship. It is why the Founding Fathers were leery of standing armies. Then as now, the choice is republic or empire, and Pat Buchanan heads the republican forces. It is one reason he is hated by the real Left and the phony Right. ■

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P.C. Watch

by L.H.R., Jr.

Another Edited Tape

Just as the liberal media censored the Rodney King tape, carefully removing the portions where King attacked the cops, so did they edit the tape of LA Korean grocer Soon Ja Du shooting black teenager Latasha Harlins. Left out were the two sequences where the five foot six, 160 lb. Harlins beat the four foot ten, 80 lb. Du to the floor, and then continued her shoplifting. Du was given a suspended sentence, since the judge took into account the fears of a tiny woman running a store in a crime-infested jungle, a woman who had been attacked and robbed time and again. Note: Du's store was one of the first looted and burned in the riots.

The Du-Harlins incident was given as the excuse for black "rage" against Koreans. But blacks also attacked, burned, and looted Cambodian businesses in the riots in Long Beach, Cal.

"Why did the riots happen?" asked Carl Rhyu, a member of the Korean armed patrols. "I think the black people are jealous of the Koreans. They are lazy; we are working hard."

A Verdict Is a Terrible Thing To Waste

Seven blacks in the Simi Valley jury pool of 200 for the LA police trial were disqualified after a representative of the NAACP approached them before the trial, and told them it was their duty as blacks to vote to convict.

Spiro Agnew, Call Your Office

The same LA tv stations which ran the Rodney King tape a zillion times refused to run an ad featuring blacks beating white truck driver Reginald Denny. The ad, which opposed the police "reform" referendum, was "racist" said the stations.

Note: the Congress of Racial Equality is raising money for the black gangsters who beat Denny, i.e. they approve of them and their acts.

First Thing We Do, Let's Kill All the Bureaucrats

Jennifer Crafts opened a restaurant in Chicopee, Mass., A.J.'s Place, named after her son Andrew John. Soon the health department had shut her down. Instead of putting her 19-month-old son in some cold-hearted daycare center, she kept the boy with her, outraging Robert Zaichik, health commissioner. He closed the restaurant under a "health emergency": state law forbids the operation of a restaurant in someone's living or sleeping quarters, and it seems the boy took an occasional nap.

A judge has allowed Crafts to reopen her restaurant until a hearing is held, but Zaichik warns "I will not tolerate her going back to her old habits, her old defiance."

A Pair of Kings

In his commencement address at the City University of New York, federal appeals court judge A. Leon Higgenbotham praised Rodney G. King, the black criminal and drunken driver, and compared him to the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. What an outrage!

Whatever is wrong with Rodney, he's no Marxist. Nor is he a world-class adulterer, an atheist minister, and the fomenter of the most anti-property movement in American history.

Witch Liberation

A witch who "came out of the broom closet" two years ago, has demanded that a northern California school district ban "Hansel and Gretel" because it "teaches children that it is acceptable to kill witches," writes Erin Hallissy in the *San Francisco Chronicle.*

The high priestess of the 20-member Oak Haven Coven in Concord, Calif., Karyn Straganana, said that the fairy tale "defamed witchcraft," a religion that has been "defamed for centuries." (Thanks to Peter Klein for the tip!)

Perot Was Tax Target

Shortly after he publicly and vociferously opposed the Gulf War, and because of that act, he believes, H. Ross Perot was told that he would be the subject of a "large-case" IRS audit, and that an agent would be stationed permanently in his offices. Such audits are for large corporations, however, not individuals, even rich ones, and when Perot protested that he always paid his taxes and warned the IRS of the publicity

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consequences of its attacking dissenters in this way, the taxmen backed down.

The Joy of Family Life

"Eddie Murphy says the joy of family life took him by surprise," reported the Columbus, Georgia, *Ledger-Enquirer*. When his daughter was born several years ago, "I associated the whole family thing with being older," the 31-year-old comedian told *Essence* magazine. "I could feel it pulling me in, but I was like, 'I'm still Ed, still single, I'm still a bachelor.'" Now he feels "total, total commitment" to his family. "Murphy," reports *Essence*, "occasionally lives with his pregnant girlfriend, Nicole Mitchell and their daughter, Bria."

Make Mine Reebok

Nike has hired Spike Lee for a $4 million series of commercials to promote sneakers and attack "hate." Not coming under the latter title is Lee's defense of the LA murderers, muggers, arsonists, and looters: the riots weren't "bedlam," he says, they were a "calculated response to the acquittal of four police officers and the miscarriage of justice."

The PC Street Journal

The news and analysis of the *Neocon Street Journal* were P.C. before the LA riots, but since then, they have become positively sensitive. In a recent issue, Dan Quayle is described as reading the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* and understanding his rage at the white bigots who "allegedly killed" his father. Why alleged? Because—as the *Journal* did not explain—X's father was not murdered by the KKK, as his "autobiography" (actually written by Alex Haley) claims. X's father died while drunk and trying to hop a moving streetcar, whose wheels he fell under, to escape an angry husband.

Another *Journal* article was one long moan-a-thon about the "microinsults" that cause "rage" in "the souls of African-Americans."

The *Journal* is also running a series called "Doing Business in the Inner City." Although Finast supermarkets in the inner city have extra problems with crime, absenteeism, worker lawsuits, shoplifing (employee and customer), theft of shopping carts, and extra reshelving (customers invariably put much more in their cart than they can pay for), there are "surprising profits." We are never told how these stores compare with non-inner city ones in profits, only that some are profitable. And then, at the end of the article, we learn that they get government subsidies. One market, for example, as just part of its subsidy, got a $1.7 million no-interest, 15-year UDAG loan.

Another *Journal* article purported to talk frankly about race, but was one long moan-a-thon about the "microinsults" that cause "rage" in "the souls of African-Americans." One story concerned a muscular, young black man who was angred that a department store security guard kept an eye on him and not his smaller white friend. But young black men, although they comprise less than 6% of the population, commit most of the crimes that have turned our cities into Hellholes. Another black man complained that it was racist that while an aide to then-vice president Bush, cops stopped him on Capitol Hill in Washington, D.C., because he fit the decription of a mugger. Who were they supposed to stop? Koreans?

Transcaribbean?

Transafrica, the black anti-apartheid group, is somewhat lost, now that South Africa has been Mandelized. So its new cause is Haiti. (They must feel right at home, since the black commie ex-Haitian president they support, Jean-Berrtand Aristide, has publicly endorsed necklacing.)

Why haven't the Haitians been moved enmasse onto the U.S. welfare rolls? "Racism," says Transafrica director Randall Robinson. Cubans were welcomed, but not Haitians. "What are Cubans running away from?" asks lawyer

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William Blakely. "Castro ain't killing nobody."

Adam's Fib

Alan Dershowitz points out that according to the FBI, 8.6% of all "forcible rape charges" are "unfounded," compared to 2.3% of other violent crimes. That is, there are almost four times as many phony charges of rape.

In Dedham, Mass., for example, a woman accused four men of rape. When the D.A. found "inconsistent forensic evidence" and prior false charges of rape, the woman withdrew her charge. But the names of the four men had been published in the local newspapers; hers was not, as a "victim."

My favorite phony rape victim was black New York City teenager Tawana Brawley, who accused white police officers of holding her hostage and sexually abusing her. In fact, Brawley had been with her boyfriend, but to avoid being beaten up by her stepfather, she smeared herself with excrement, put herself in a plastic bag, and claimed she had been kidnapped and raped. There were also what the press called "racial epithets" written on her body. One, "negger," was proof that Brawley had done it, yet it was mentioned in only one news story.

In *Crisis*

Over the last two years, Pat Buchanan has been smeared by the neocons with partial quotes from a column he once wrote on Adolf Hitler. It's instructive that I could do the same to the May 1992 issue of the neocon Catholic magazine *Crisis*.

In an article on pages 53-55, we are told that Hitler had "magnificent vision" and "a heart full of love;" that the "Nazi mission" was "to beautify the world"; and that "Hitler's creativity soars": he "even designed the snazzy Nazi uniforms."

Snazzy? Now isn't *Crisis* glad it isn't running for President?

30 Days

30 Days is the most interesting Catholic magazine in English. (Edited in Rome, it is also published in five other languages.) Suppressed in the U.S. by the neocons because it published John Paul II's anti-Gulf War statements, *30 Days* was replaced with a dreary though expensively produced neocon monthly. A six-month subscription to *30 Days* is $28 to Italcoser Corp., 28 Trinity St., Newton, N.J. 07860.

Also highly recommended is a stirring monthly call to liturgical counterrevolution: Roger McCaffrey's new *Latin Mass* magazine. A one-year subscription is $25 to 1331 Red Cedar Cir., Ft. Collins, Col. 80524.

Perot's Enemies

H. Ross Perot has been attacked by Mona Charen, George Will, Cal Thomas, A.M. Rosenthal, Richard Cohen, Paul Gigot, William Safire, Bill Buckley, Charles Krauthammer, Andrew Sullivan, Fred Barnes, William Raspberry, Martin Peretz, Sidney Blumenthal, Ben Wattenberg, and all the rest of the smearbund that libeled Pat Buchanan. And the Left-libertarians hate him too. What else do we need to know? Only that Whoopi Goldberg says, "If he wins, I'm leaving the country."

Dependent and Happy

Black "conservative" Robert Woodson, according to William Raspberry in the *Washington Post*, put white private schoolers in their place the other day when one asked about welfare dependency. "How many of you work for what you have?" he asked. And "if you haven't paid for any of the things you enjoy, does that compromise your integrity, your initiative, your striving for self-sufficiency?" Dependency isn't the problem, says Woodson, it's "hopelessness."

Are we really expected to believe this nonsense, especially from a HUD welfare king?

Are we really expected to believe this nonsense, especially from a HUD welfare king? Children are dependent on

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their parents, as they should be. But idle adults, hopeless or otherwise, are not the kids of the taxpayers. Or if they are, where's my belt?

Disparate Impact

A nationally publicized study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* showed that even among the college-educated, the black infant mortality rate is twice as high as the white. The difference is largely caused by "racism," said Dr. Paul Wise of Harvard, although it's "difficult" to "determine what specific elements of racism are being expressed in infant mortality rates." The racism, as other studies have shown, is that young black women smoke and drink more than their white or Asian counterparts, use more drugs, and have more sexually transmitted diseases—all of which have an impact on birth weight, the major determinant in infant mortality.

The PC Handbook

"It's raining nonhuman animal companions," said Wendy's and Melissa's father. "Why don't you prewomen have an herbal tea party for your non-sexist dolls, and then we'll bake some gingerbread persons?"

Thus a sensitive parent speaks, according to the hilarious *PC Dictionary and Handbook* by Christopher Cerf and Henry Beard (Villard Books, 1992). The book is largely a collection of politically correct terms actually used by leftists. Here's a sampling:

body decolonization: becoming a lesbian.

client of the correctional system: prisoner.

cerebrally challenged: stupid.

chronologically gifted: old.

deficiency achievement: failure.

diction: the style of writing and speech imposed on the world by white males.

femhole: manhole.

member of the mutant albino genetic-recessive global minority: white.

motivationally deficient: lazy.

ovarimony: testimony.

parasitically oppressed: pregnant.

person of gender: woman.

pharmacological preference: drug addiction.

womage: manage.

Indian Taker

Left-libertarians went crazy when FBI agents invaded an Arizona reservation to confiscate their gambling equipment. But as usual, the LLs missed the point. If ten inner-city residents were caught playing dice for food stamps, the first thought should not be: gambling should be legal! Yes, it should, but welfare should not.

Every slot machine and roulette wheel on that reservation was bought with welfare payments taxed from non-Indians. The dollars the Indians gambled with were welfare as well.

PC Venue

In 1989, an Hispanic cop shot a black on a motorcycle, justifiably in my view, since it was to save the cop's life. He was convicted of manslaughter, but only—it was later discovered—because the jury feared black rioting in their own neighborhoods if they ruled otherwise.

A retrial was ordered, and the venue changed to Orlando. But in the aftermath of the Rodney King party, the judge has changed the venue again, to Tallahassee. Why? There are 20% blacks in Tallahassee, just as in Miami, and half that percentage in Orlando. "This court cannot ignore the national tragedy of the urban riots occurring after the Rodney King verdict," said the judge, thus attempting to insure at least a hung jury.

It is the cop who is supposed to have a jury of his peers, and there are virtually no Hispanics—if we are playing ethnic politics—in Tallahassee. Hispanics are usually official victims, and wield much leverage. But not when a member of an even more official victim group is involved.

Make Mine Seven-Up

Ice T, a rapper whose routines advocate anti-white violence, was interviewed on National Public Radio after the LA riots. He warned the listeners that next time, "it not gonna be just our neighborhoods. It

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gonna be yours. It goin' down. If you be surprised, it your fault." Indeed.

The Japanese Perspective

As reported by John Elvin in the *Washington Times*, Kiichi Mochizuki, chairman of the Pacific Institute in New York City, recently advised U.S. businessmen to stop "screaming like women" about Japanese competition.

"Being American doesn't entitle you to anything," he said. "You are illiterate in certain parts of your population. Look at the people around you. There are a lot of subhumans in terms of quality and capability." ■

The Historical Case for Taking Back the Streets

by L.H.R., Jr.

Everyone is looking for the "Root Causes" of our cities' deterioration. But the obvious seems to have been overlooked. Our streets are rife with men who once would have been rounded up. The solution is the restoration of vagrancy laws.

Before the Supreme Court gutted these laws in 1972, local police were free to arrest, in the words of a typical municipal ordinance, "rogues and vagabonds, or dissolute persons who go about begging,... common drunkards,... lewd, wanton and lascivious persons, common railers and brawlers, persons wandering or strolling around from place to place without any lawful purpose or object, habitual loafers, disorderly persons,... persons able to work but habitually living upon the earnings of their wives or minor children."

Such ordinances, with more than six centuries of tradition behind them, helped keep the streets of America safe and decent until they were swept away in a Supreme Court decision written by the egregious William O. Douglas.

Our streets are rife with men who once would have been rounded up. The solution is the restoration of vagrancy laws.

Douglas said vagrancy laws allowed too much police discretion. In fact, an experienced cop knows exactly who is suspicious and ought to be questioned, who ought to be moved along with a sharp word, who ought to receive a tap on the shin with a billy club as he is sent to the local Bowery, and who ought to be arrested. When the police could use their own judgment about arresting vagrants, our streets were, by today's standards, idyllic.

Vagrancy laws originated in England in 1349, with a statute aimed at the "wicked rogues" who robbed and murdered travelers. Under the Elizabethan Poor Laws, beggars were forbidden to move; otherwise, "foreign beggars" would become a burden on more desirable areas.

Sir William Blackstone believed such laws were justified because "idleness in any person" is a "high offense against the public oeconomy." The "court of Areopagus at Athens punished idleness," he noted, and the Roman law "expelled all sturdy vagrants from the city."

The English common law has long identified "idle and disorderly persons" and "rogues and vagabonds" as "offenders against the good order," especially the "homeless": beggars who lived "in the open air."

When the American colonies seceded, we retained most English laws, including those against vagrants. The Articles of Confederation, for example, exempted "paupers, vagabonds and fugitives from justice" from the rights of citizenship.

An 1837 case challenged a New York State law designed to keep ship-borne paupers out. Any ban on free migration violated the commerce clause, it was argued. This was the Old Republic, however, and the Supreme Court ruled in favor of New York. It is "as necessary," it said, "for a state to provide precautionary measures

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against the wicked pestilence of vagrants, vagabonds, and possible criminals as it is to guard" against a "physical pestilence."

In 1903, the court upheld a California law expelling Japanese immigrants who had no "visible means of support." The U.S.-Japan treaty that gave citizens of each country reciprocal rights did not, it ruled, apply to "that class who from their habits or conditions are ordinarily and properly the object of police regulations designed to protect the general public against contact with destitute or impoverished persons."

By 1941, however, the court struck down a California statute forbidding the importation of indigents. Such a law was unconstitutional, said the court, because "the relief of the needy has become the common responsibility of the whole nation."

In a separate opinion, Justice Douglas also defended a "right to travel" (and go on welfare at the destination). The pernicious "rights revolution" was well underway by this time, and egalitarians like Douglas targeted vagrancy laws because they protected bourgeois society from bums.

Egalitarians like Douglas targeted vagrancy laws because they protected bourgeois society from bums.

In 1966, Douglas called vagrancy laws unsuited for America, a land of "free-roaming people who shaped their own character." And in his 1972 triumph, Douglas made what he must have felt was the clinching argument: vagrancy laws "could be used as a means of social control, as poor people, non-conformists, dissenters, idlers, may be required to comport themselves according to the lifestyle deemed appropriate" by the police. How many Americans would see that as a threat these days?

By 1988, a federal judge condemned vagrancy laws for having the "practical effect of keeping a public problem involving human beings out of sight and therefore out of mind. Indeed, it is the unsettling appearance and message conveyed by beggars that gives their conduct its expressive quality."

Begging is, of course, a euphemism. The actual process is intimidation, and money given under these conditions is hardly a charitable contribution, although the ACLU has long sought to blur the distinction.

Must we put up with this? Not if Ross Perot can give us an electronic town hall vote on it. Can anyone doubt how real Americans would react? ■

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